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We mention these things, not that they are at all important in themselves, but we think they will serve to dispossess many persons here, of extravagant notions respecting the outward show of London. Where the business of the place is show, the Londoners, no doubt, far exceed us in the production of things gorgeous and magnificent, which take the senses captive, but then, they are very expensive, and he who has not much money to spare, rather sighs at the knowledge of that which is so near him, and which he cannot enjoy, than partakes in greater pleasures on account of his situation. Moreover, there is frequently about their amusements a something methodical, and elaborate, and troublesome, which we of lighter spirits contrive to dispense with—for the English much more frequently give an air of business to their pleasure, than of pleasure to their business.

Upon the whole, we would have the dwellers in our own Dublin believe, that so far as situation goes, they need make no lamentation that they are not Londoners. They have, for its extent, a more beautiful city, and they are as a people, more social and joyous than the people of London.

We wish them to feel this, and to be proud of their city, and to endeavour to make it in all respects worthy of even yet more estimation. We would have them to defer less to the name of London, as if every thing to which it was attached, were on that account alone, particularly worthy of consideration—let them strive to imitate and rival London in every thing which makes a city respectable; and while they acknowledge the supremacy of the British metropolis as the seat of government, seek to make their own city its equal in every other respect, of which circumstances will permit.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Animal Kingdom, arranged in conformity with its organization. By the Baron Cuvier, Supplementary Volume on the Fossils, large 8vo. pp. 544. London: Whittaker, Treacher and Co.

WHEN we consider how little is known of the internal structure of the globe, how shallow in proportion to its diameter is the greatest depth to which men have yet penetrated, and in how few instances has the arrangement of the strata been determined with accuracy, we may well be surprised at the hardihood of those who have ventured to propound "theories of the earth," and have asserted that the science of geology is a surer guide than revelation.—A wasp that has driven his sting into an elephant's back, has made as close an approach to a perfect investigation of the animal's anatomy, as man has yet made to the knowledge of the earth's structure. The volcano sends up its volumes of smoke and columns of flame, but we know not the fuel that feeds its ceaseless fires. Earthquakes change a smiling garden into a wilderness, but we cannot discover what cause has waked their energies, nor by what laws they are regulated. Still less can we pretend to ascertain the history of the many revolutions to which the earth has been subjected,—revolutions which certainly have taken place, since we find in successive strata organic remains of lost generations of animals, which, like medals and coins in the history of nations, afford some slight glimpses of the history of the

world. The study of Fossil Osteology, though comparatively of recent date, has already overthrown the dreamy speculations of those system-makers who pretended to explain all the mysteries of creation, and to untie the Gordian knot, "familiar as their garter."—As a science, however, it is yet in its infancy; Baron Cuvier was the first who reduced the researches into the subject, to any thing like a system; his example has roused others to a glorious emulation, but still the difficulties that impede the pursuit, are so numerous and so great, that ages must pass by before Fossil Osteology can be ranked as a science. The volume now before us, is one in the series of that great undertaking, "The Animal Kingdom;" it comprises all the information which we have yet been able to obtain respecting those fossils which have been rather affectedly denominated the organic remains of a former world; but as extracts would not convey to our readers any correct notion of a volume so varied, and yet so condensed, we shall endeavour to supply them with a brief sketch of what may be considered as established on this important subject.

The globe, as far as it has been examined, appears to consist of several *strata*, one above the other, like the coats of an onion; in these the remains of various animals have been discovered; beneath them all lies granite, in which no organic forms can be traced. Here then, we have a strong proof of the first great truth of religion—the fact of a creation—for the absence of all animal remains from the primitive rocks clearly shews that there was a period when living things had no existence.

In the successive strata,—transition, secondary, and tertiary,—are discovered those fossil bones,

which form the subject of our enquiries; they belong, in many instances, to races of animals totally extinct, in many others to animals which no longer inhabit the countries where these remains are found; and they prove, beyond a possibility of dispute, that this earth has been subjected to several successive revolutions, of whose age, duration, and extent, we know absolutely nothing. Some persons have foolishly enough imagined, that such a belief is inconsistent with the Mosaic account of the creation; but a very little consideration will shew, that the Mosaic narrative so far from being weakened, derives additional strength from such a hypothesis. Moses, it must be remembered, wrote not as a philosopher. Re-

velation was intended for a higher purpose than to teach men natural history: he merely states, that this universe was called into existence by an All-powerful Being, and that it was furnished with inhabitants by several successive acts of creation. The intervals of time are indeed called days; but there are many passages in scripture, which fully prove, that by the word day is meant not merely twenty-four hours, but any definite cycle. If

this be borne in mind, we shall soon find that the facts which have been lately discovered, are in beautiful accordance with the account given in Genesis. Transition rocks lie above the granite, in these are found the *debris* of marine animals, belonging for the most part to extinct species, and indicating that the earth was once totally covered by an ocean, supporting races of animals, which ceased to

exist when an ocean of a different nature was substituted in its place. Now, we find in Genesis, that the formation of dry land was the third operation of creative energy; conse-

quently before that epoch, the earth must have been covered with water.

We find also that the nature of this watery surface underwent a great change at the second stage of creation, for the gaseous fluids of the atmosphere, which had been formerly mingled with the ocean, were then separated from it by what our translators call the firmament. The division between transition and secondary strata, is marked by the co-ordinate formations of porphyry and pit-coal; in these, for the first time in our ascent, we meet traces of vegetable life; and in accordance with this, we find in the sacred writings, that after the change had been effectuated in the great ocean which covered the face of the globe, dry land and vegetation succeeded. In these formations, and in all the strata beneath them, we find no traces of quadrupeds, not even of the more imperfect kinds. The first traces are found a step higher in the secondary formations, where specimens of the lizard family have been discovered, mingled with innumerable bones of fishes, chiefly analogous to those at present found in fresh water. As we still ascend, we meet with remains of reptiles, which surpass in dimensions the fabled monsters of antiquity; they seem for the most part to belong either to the inhabitants of the deep, or to amphibious animals, and they are usually surrounded by the *debris* of fish. There is one of these animals particularly remarkable, it is called the ptero-dactyl, or flying lizard, and seems to have been one of the most formidable of created beings. It appears that it could sustain itself in the air, and it was armed with monstrous jaws, pointed teeth, and formidable talons. Another of these reptiles, the megalosaurus, must have been, according to Buckland's calculation, nearly seventy feet in length. These animal remains, we may observe, occur in the order in which the book of Genesis places the creation of the reptile and fishy tribes; and the extraordinary size of the skeletons, is in direct accordance with the description there given.

Chalk separates the secondary and tertiary formations; before this we do not meet with fossil mammalia, except in a few suspicious instances; the first we meet with are marine species, morses, dolphins and lamantins, but soon after we find terrestrial animals in tolerable abundance. Of these, Cuvier has discovered no less than forty species, all of which are now extinct.

With the animals found above the chalk, the history of our earth seems to commence, they have been destroyed by a great catastrophe in which water was the principal agent, and the memory of that catastrophe has been preserved in the traditions of all nations. Whatever may be thought of our attempt to illustrate the history of the creation, by a reference to Fossil Osteology, no body can doubt for a moment, that the researches into this subject establish the certainty of an universal deluge. Marine deposits are invariably found over the fossil remains of terrestrial animals, and consequently we cannot doubt that they were at some time overwhelmed beneath the waters. Thus do we find, that all the scientific researches of modern times contribute to strengthen the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and that those sciences which, partially known, seemed contradictory to the statements in the bible, have been found to furnish the strongest evidence in their favour, on a closer examination.

This is the ninth volume of the "Animal Kingdom," and fully maintains the high character of that work; it contains, in a condensed form, all that is known on the subject of fossil osteology, and has collected into one volume a body of information scattered over so many expensive quartos, that it was hitherto unattainable by the general reader. In this, as in the preceding volumes, every opportunity is taken to connect the contemplation of nature, with admiration and reverence for its great Author, and the works of the Deity are shewn to be, separately and collectively, proofs of infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite mercy.

The Three Histories. By Maria Jane Jewsbury. Westley and Davis, London.

This is a book of an order much higher, and altogether different from that of the mass of works of fiction, which spring forth at this season, thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa, but almost destitute of any other resemblance to natural productions, save their abundance. We have in the "Three Histories," a rare union of high philosophy, and deep poetical feeling—a quantity of true knowledge embodied in the forms of imagination, and enriched with a thousand lights of beautiful associations, which previously we could hardly have supposed to be capable of so close an union with the severe and searching spirit of investigation, which the author of this book undoubtedly possesses. We know not how better to describe our opinion of her genius than by borrowing a striking and very characteristic passage from the first "History," in which the heroine is stated to have had "that within her which clothes the dry bones of fact, with the flesh and raiment of thought and fancy." We know not that it will be considered any compliment to a female author—but we think it a true and remarkable fact relating to this work, that it bears no appearance whatever of female authorship. The charm which we find in it is not at all associated with that tenderness of feeling, which comes over the mind on finding good, and gentle, and beautiful sentiments in a book which we know a woman has written. There is no bending, no condescending of the mind, to the feelings of satisfaction with which we hail the production of a book such as this; but we feel the energy of a high mind pressing conviction upon us. We perceive that the fruits of a *masculine* understanding lie before us, and that we have to do with a writer who has not only *felt*, but deeply and vigorously considered, and compared, and deduced; and who has the power of communicating the thoughts of her mind, in language which is not to be resisted, either by those who reason, or by those who feel.

The first history is that of an "Enthusiast," of a woman of genius, who suffered the fervor and impetuosity of that genius, and the love of fame ("that last infirmity of noble mind," but still an infirmity,) to lead her into courses brilliant, but deceitful—to estrange her from friends and home, and the dear delights of domestic intercourse; who permitted that which ought to be the ornament merely, to become the business of her life, and found her bitter reward, in all the unutterable anguish of a mortified and disappointed spirit.

The story of the Enthusiast is admirably traced from her childhood to the time when the history leaves her with a broken heart. . We

observe, step by step, how the workings of her own mind, and of attendant circumstances, lead to the catastrophe; or rather, we are shewn at intervals the changes which had occurred, and are informed, more with the rapid lightning-like power of poetry, than the slowly-unfolding details of prose, of the causes which had effected these changes. As the story proceeds, we frequently meet with reflections upon human life and manners, connected with, but not belonging to it, and it is in these we trace a vigorous and comprehensive knowledge, a deep, firm grasp of the circumstances of humanity, and the philosophy that belongs to them, which, in a work of this kind fills us with equal pleasure and surprise. They are wells of pure knowledge, springing up out of the living rock, where we expected only purpling streams, with flowers of fancy growing by their margin.

There are many passages which occur to us, that, if our space would afford it, we should be glad to extract, as illustrations of the remarks which we have ventured to make, but as our limits prescribe to us, the necessity of a brief selection, we shall present our readers with a part of a letter which the Enthusiast writes to an early friend, after her dream of éclat and distinction has passed away, and which appears to us to be a striking specimen of that union of power and beauty in composition, which distinguishes the story.

"I have told you the various changes that have passed over me in reference to the outward world, and the world of man, but I have not yet told you the worst, that which arises from what the world calls my genius and my fame. Ah, what is genius to woman, but a splendid misfortune! What is fame to woman, but a dazzling degradation! She is exposed to the pitiless gaze of admiration; but little respect, and no love, blends with it. In society she is regarded as "a highly curious thing;" and as her delineations of emotion are presumed to emanate from her own experience, a desire is roused to discover her private history in her writings. Her power of self-sacrifice is less doubted than her power of self-command; but the doubt of *that*, is, of the two, more injurious. However much, as an individual, she may have gained in name, and rank, and fortune, she has suffered as a woman; in the history of letters she may be associated with man, but her own sweet life is lost; and though in reality she may flow through the ocean of the world, maintaining an unsullied current, she is nevertheless apparently absorbed, and become one with the elements of tumult and distraction. She is a reed shaken with the wind; a splendid exotic nurtured for display; an ornament to be worn only on birth-nights and festivals; the aloe, whose blossom is deemed fabulous, because few can wait to behold it; she is the Hebrew, whose songs are demanded in 'a strange land'; Ruth, standing 'amid the alien corn'; a flower plunged beneath a petrifying spring:—her affections are the dew that society exhales, but gives not back to her in rain; she is a jewelled captive—bright, and desolate, and sad. This is her fate, these are her feelings, if her character predominantly possess the excellency of her sex. If it be otherwise, if that which should be womanly in her is worldly, if she be not so gentle as vain, at heart a creature of ambition rather than of affection, she will be less unhappy; but, alas, she will also be less worthy of happiness! If she can revel in no-

toriety, feel it her fittest home and sphere, take pride in its separating influence, and gradually become native to the atmosphere of adulation, she may converse like a Du Deffand, or a L'Épinasse, but so far from winning love, she will not even be deserving of pity. Annette, what is to become of me? To neither class do I belong entirely, yet I partake of the nature of both! I pay most of the penalties of one, without fully sharing in the privileges of the other. As regards the delight, and glory of distinction to a woman, the veil is fallen from my eyes; but I cannot recede, for I am become enthralled by artificial feelings, and habits of a selfish and worldly tendency. To my better taste, praise is dust and ashes; yet I cannot now live without it. Literary enthusiasm is no more; but without literature as a profession, a void would be created in my heart, which, except I were a Frenchwoman, thrown once more amongst Frondeurs and Girondists, I doubt the power of any thing to fill abidingly. I press, as it were, by instinct, towards excellence; I read, I travel, I observe, I reflect, I converse; but the set, specific purpose for which all is done, at once degrades and desolates. There is no *abandon*; no child-like surrender of the soul to fresh and vigorous impulses, whether of thought or feeling; no gathering ideas as if they were primroses; no sporting beside the mighty sea of knowledge; no watching the treasure-laden barks on its bosom in secure and ignorant delight; every thing is a study for effect, therefore every thing is despised."

This extract will suffice to shew our readers that it is with no common mind we hold communion, in perusing the writings of Miss Jewsbury. They will, perhaps, discover in the style, some want of that child-like simplicity, which one so loves in woman,—a manner rather too elaborate and oratorical, and a love of epigrammatic and striking sentences more than sufficient;—nevertheless they will acknowledge, that there are truth and vigour in the thoughts developed, and elegance and force in the language in which they are conveyed. By far the least worthy part of this story, is the verses in the "Beppo" vein, which occur near its close. We are surprised that the good sense of our author did not suggest their rejection from a place where they are so little suitable, to the much more poetical prose, into the midst of which they are introduced. In themselves, however, they possess considerable merit, and a specimen will, at least, amuse our readers,—they are intended to exhibit the reckless surface buoyancy of a heart

All green and wildly gay without,
But worn and grey beneath:—
And if there be a sorrow in my soul,
Making that soul a lamp-lit sepulchre,
Requiem, or dirge, or sympathetic toll,
I never bid society confer
On-me, or on my sorrow; both are hushed,
Shrined amidst marble—quiet because crushed.
And if there be a madness in my love,
It does not kill me now, I died long since;
Nor does it send me walking in a grove,
Or make me in white satin rave and mince,
I talk plain prose, laugh, and sometimes cause
laughter—
Torture, and dreams, and tears—these things are after.
After and when alone; it is bad taste
Ever to go a-visiting with grief.
Leave her at home, or else well dounced and laced,
Present her as your friend, Miss Mirth; in brief,
If you do not, you'll soon be led to pine,
No gentleman asks sorrow to take wine.

Smile, though the keenest barb in sorrow's quiver,
Strikes through your heart, until that heart is sick;
Tame down your tumults, though as aspens shiver,
Thoughts you deemed dead are vigilant and quick,